

Oversimplified story

do you see alignment of stars in the night sky? How we called those specific alignments and strengths of light their own names? Well if you traveled long enough in space or just lived on a completely different planet those alignments would look unfamiliar, completely different

if those planets switched places the people in it would feel way less inclined for that to stay because they wouldn't be familiar with those alignments, they wouldn't have researched and learnt it for as long, they would even see new stars because to them those stars were too dim to see on the other planet

Now imagine this... is it any different from you looking out of your window from at home every day?

You see your neighbor, you see different colored houses and all the things on those houses, vines, trees, different colored lights coming from those houses, the alignment of the light coming from those houses at night

Now imagine instead of you looking out from your house it's someone else's looking at yours, it's the exact same concept

It would feel completely different, you could only see one side of the view from the window so you couldn't see what was behind you or behind the house that was covering things before

So what if this story could be about a person named Stanley

he has sculpted many things in his life, the streets he looks down at, the people who he thought passed away to remember them, his neighbors who he couldn't see clearly because of how far away they were, the piano that gave a soothing noise every day

one day the soothing sound piano stopped which allowed him to sleep at night, it felt uncomfortable to him, he felt unnatural but he felt like it was a sign from the gods, maybe it was a challenge to find something new to create, finally look at something different, finally walk out of the comfort zone

deciding to open the door heat rushed into his home threatening him to walk back

but he ignored sweat on his brow and walked down stairs and walked outside for the first time ever, kind of like an astronaut flying to space to other planets

he looked up and saw the wall of his home

he felt way less significant, he felt smaller, but he felt happy that he could finally see his own home in a different perspective

He would see new shapes, new colors, new people, new shops, new walls, new graffiti, new walls aka new perspectives of the houses he was used to seeing

He saw so much more than what he could at home, what he was used to

but that also lead to him finding dark halls, garbage all over the ground mostly cigars, some new some horrendously old, people dropping that garbage in from of him, crashed cars, children with foot prints and bruises on their faces sitting against the walls with their bodies thin like exposed bones with their hands out shaking while other children fatter than their parents throwing food into garbage bins, people with scars, people who hide their faces, children who smoke, children who get dragged by their ears by adults and even people eating dead rats then dropping in the puddles next to the dumpsters, waiting for nature to consume them showing that every vine and every tree he saw was grown out of the bodies hidden between the buildings

He missed his home he was too scared to continue looking, all he was used to was sitting in his house starrng out to the sunset thinking about how the world was really like

He missed his tea, he missed his favorite bread, he missed his favorite clothes, He missed his little tree growing in front of the window

By the time he got home his little tree changed color, one touch and it rained down to dust

he sat near his work bench wanting to make himself forget what he saw by making things that were more familiar to him

But he couldn't bring himself to make anything because the reason he walked outside was to get more references of shapes, colors, collection of colors, people, their ideas, the views in the streets, the hills with rock pathways...

he decided to focus on that

The good that he saw back there

The feelings and character he would've never known because he would never go through it himself in his life, even if he didn't understand those people to the core he still got a reference of what they felt like

He finally sculptured something new and it was colorful

But the scenery in his mind only grew, knocking on the door telling him to open, scratching the door with its metal claws threatening to burn him alive just to take another smoke, just to burn his own food, just to laugh at his screams, just to dance around the fire caught on a dumpster

His voices effected his sculpting

Dark Blue colors mixed with red, jagged shapes with no round, sharp edges to every edge

He continued sculpting but it didn't keep the monster at bay, its noises only getting stronger and the door constantly feeling like it being in the brink of collapse

The of the piano returned but slightly different this time... it reminded him of his neighbor and felt way calmer, less stressed and more comfortable

He opened his door and knocked on hers, he showed his sculpture to his neighbor

She said that child next to the small house with stairs being dragged by the adult felt like herself

he got confused

She explained her father was the old man with a glass bottle, a man who stole coins from homeless children leaving them with foot prints on their faces

Even if she felt like he had some humanity he never showed it, one day she decided to report him for what he's done and had him be taken away which was why the soothing sounds of her piano was heard again in his house

she finally went back to her piano, away from everyone else, alone again

He asked if she saw everything that happened outside

She said she always did

He was horrified to hear that to people who saw all of what he saw in a day was not only natural but even the things he hasn't even seen that day, the things he was too scared to see

He asked if it would be okay if they talked about what he thought of what he saw outside

she let him in her house, sat him down on the couch, gave him a cup of tea and sat next to him in front of the sculpture of the streets he brought with him, he described every part of what he remembered and how he felt like

after that day the noises stopped

there were still broken off pieces of the door reminding him of what it felt like but over time even those pieces were thrown out, hidden in a dark garbage bin